the sawdust. The great Chief Tall Bull, the last of the

tame supers, lay low for the second time that day and the twelfth that week, not counting reheavsals. Who is the tall and handsome scout

wiping the cut plug off the shining blade of his trusty knife while the old chief breathes his last? It is none other than Buffalo Bill, king of the milch cowboys. who has fit the noble Injun up and down the trail, from Jack's to Martin's, from Rector's, New York, to Rector's, Chicago, from Sunday to Sunday and never ate a

Down the wooden trail clattered a fat man mounted on himself, carrying a tray in his hands, a napkin over his arm, feveriahly drinking the last remains of a shop-worn glass of beer that had been left on the tray, and foaming at the mistache.

He drew up before a man with white side chiskers and stamped around in a circle, champing at a toothpick, while he tried to bring his frantic feet to a halt. The man with the side whiskers before whom he was trying to stop wore a Roosevelt white collar, a white pique shirt that buttons invisibly down the back, and a black sombrero artfully concealing long white locks fastened with a single hairpin under the sombrero. On the blank wall of the shirt front was the largest 10 horse-power, seven windowed group of ice-caught in solid gold ice tongsin or out of captivity.

Gentle reader, have you not guessed who this person back of the diamend stud is? It is Majah John M. Burke, press agent of the Buffalo William Educational Exhibition, who has also fit the Injuns on two continents astride a typewriting machine that speaks every language but Yiddish. It can peak that, too, if you put the paper in atoside down.

"Col. Cody's respects to Majah Burke," oried the fat man with the tray, still backing in direles and shying at himself, "and Bill says to tell you the show's out, Maje.' "Whoinhell are you?" cried the Majah. while a passing box party of impressionable women rubbered at the ink scarred

except the langwidge!" "I'm Fritz, the new waiter in the cook house," rang out the answer. "You mean you were the new waiter!" thundered the Majah. "You're fired."

Injun fighter with cries of, "Ain't he nice

"Because you're the first ass that's had othe nerve to call the exhibition a show in my presence in nine years. Git!"

"Why because?"

Now, as I was saying," resumed the Majah to the war correspondent with whom he had been talking when interrupted by the courier from the commander in chief of the sh -- the exhibition, "the Big Horn Basin is also one vast medicinal laboratory. a stupendous natural emporium stocked with God given alleviations for the pathological lesions of a suffering humanity, with chemical possessions surpassing the imaginative dream of the historic medical magicians and ancient alchemists whose peripatetic minds ever sought the fountains of eternal adolescence. The Almighty. gazing down from far above the everlasting snows of the Big Horn's virgin slopes --

"Come, Minnie!" cried the girl nearest the Majah in the halted box party group. "I can stand a little swearing, but when a man old enough to know better begins to

Slowly and steadily down the Fourth avenue trail the property mountains, the stage coach and the property wampum, and things were now plodding their weary way through the black midnight. "On to Brooklyn!" cried Johnny Baker, and "On to Brooklyn!" echoed and reechoed along

the trail. And then—on to Brooklyn!" cried the king of the mileh cowboys, halting at Majah Burke's

mileh cowboys, halting at Majah Burke's press teepee.

"Tis an arid country over there, Bill, and a dry," suggested the Majah, tentatively.

"And the first joy of a young mother," the Majah was saving as the skirmishing party, commanded by Col. Cody, found a table in Martin's, "is when she takes her tender offspring—the mother eyes brilliant with the fond glow of maternal happiness and her child's chubby face dimpling with laughter, like the dazzling waters that come from the virgin snows of the Shoshone Range when Aurora casts her intangible come from the virgin snows of the Snosnone Range when Aurora casts her intangible jewels athwart the Big Horn Basin, causing here an amethyst to glow and there a ruby, twin sister to Venus, while across—"Take a new start, Majah, take a new start, suggested Cel. Cody, soothingly.

You were saving that the first joy of the remus mother."

young mother "You're right," assented Majah Burke.
"The first joy of the young mother is when takes her little child to see this marche takes her little child to see this mar-vellous educational exhibition, that de-picts so truthfully the passing of Ameri-can romance. And the last joy of the aged grandfather is when he brings again a little child to see that passing romance

a little child to see that passing romance in all its pristine plenitude and sweet playfulness, for-for—"Formany are called, but few are chosen,"

"For many are called, but few are chosen," suggested Lip Keene, sometime lieutenantinapector of threesheets on the staff of Majah. Burke, but now attached to the frivolous Department of Room Shows. "What'll you have, Maje? Same for you. Bill? François, make 'em the same all around. Want yours frapped, Majah?" "What!" exclaimed the Majah, aghast. "No-o-o, sir!"

"A thousand pardons, Maje." apologized Lip Keene. "My intentions were perfectly honorable. I meant no offence."

For some time the Majah drummed on the table in an effort to regain his composure and he wiped his brow. There was an awkward silence around the table and things seemed in a bad way. But along came François with a tinkling trayful and the little band of firewater fighters brightened perceptibly.

ened perceptibly.
And if I had sixteen sons and I heard the faintest rumor that one of them wanted to be a press agent." continued the Majah after a time, again taking up his narrative and his glass, "I'd drown every mother's son of them to be sure I didn't miss the

With a wild cry the Majah sprang to his feet, begging his pardon for interrupting hiraself as he jumped. For while he had been speaking the glass that he would have sworn was as free from ice as a rainwater barrel in Nicaragua was now crowded to

the gun' with chunks of cracked ice that glowed green where the soothing creme dementhe lapped around them. The Commissary Department had insubordinated and frapped after all.

"but I d have sworn my military record that that that gless was a plain popy.

away that that glass was a plain pony when Francois put it down!" exclaimed Col. Cody, his face blanched with terror. "Francois!"

Trembling, Francois declared that his un writing body was the soil of the earth brought a plain, uniced pony of creme de menthe. The Majah tugged at his Rocavelt collar, his face red and white by turns through alternate thrills of terror and anger, and he reached and reached to try to find his voice. Lip Keene, also white of features, assured the Majah that the glass was not frapped when François delivered the goods. The whole thing was uncanny. "Take it away," cried the Majah high above the bang of the orchestra. "Out of my sight, variet!"

my sight, variet!"
François grabbed the offending glass

A MYSTERY OF THE BILL SHOW

With trembling fingers and hurried to the rear tinkling like the chimes of Normandy and leaving a green trail on the floor behind him. He was back immediately with a fresh glass and had everybody at the table sign's a statement that the liquid this time was free from ice.

For twenty minutes the Majah and the Colonel quite forgot the educational advantages of the Wild West exhibition and the beauties of the Big Horn Basin while they tried to explain away the mystery of en the Greatness of Big Horn Basin, was that had no loe in it one moment was crowded with ice the next. Lip Keene suggested that perhaps the waiter had hatted for a minute too close to the electric fan and that the creme de menthe had

haited for a minute too close to the electric fan and that the creme de menthe had frozen. But everybody saw at once that this theory was valueless, inasmuch as there was no ice to be seen when the glass was placed on the table.

They were giving it all up as a bad job finally, and the Majah again was taking up the subject of the Big Horn, but his heart was not in his art.

"And the commonest pig of the Big Horn Basin would turn up his nobe at a potato that weighed less than seven pounds," said the Hajah after a bit: "Why; when a street begger in New York, or a worker among the poor here, asks me for assistance I tell them that, there is no excuse for paupers in the world when the richest country on Gdd's green earth is out there awaiting them at an acre for every song. Col. Cody God's green earth is out there awaiting them at an acra for every song. Col. Cody here will tall you that he was the first to take up the land there under the first irrigation act of Cavaland's second term. Now the Government has appropriated \$300,000,000 se that the pure snow water of the mountains all about may properly be diffused over the rich soil. Have another death

drink.

"The Big Born Basin is larger than the State of Massachusetts and it has the natural resources of Alabama and Pennsylvania combined. It was one out there for a wock and come back with the alabaster complexion of Lily Langtry. I've gone there with feet covered with corns, and in four days and a half they've all dropped off. A man ought to be arrested for living

four days and a haif they've all dropped off. A man ought to be arrested for living any place elee. The only reason I don't live there myself is that—that——"
"M'sieu' Burke?" inquired a handsome person, coming up to the table, preceded by a blue black mustache of excellence
"I am ready to answer that I am none other than he," replied the Majah unhesitatingly. "And now that I am ready, who are you?"

tatingly. "And now that I am peady, who are you?"
"Lecoq, the house detectative!" cried the new arrival in a loud clear voice. "Allow me to present you with this, which we found in that glass of creme de menthe which you sent back to the bar."

In the outstatched hand of the detective

In the outstretched hand of the detective lay the Majah's shirt front group of ice, the gold mountings flashing around the seven primary chunks and darting complimentary rays to and receiving them from the constellations of lesser stones. Seven flashes of multicolored lightning exploded

flashes of multicolored lightning exploded from the seven principal icebergs, crackling like a varaish factory fire as they flashed.

Incoherent with astonishment the Majah pawed the blank front wall of the piqué ahirt. The arctic regions had indeed departed. François, our hero, had spoken true talk. He had really brought a plain pony of crème de menthe that first time after all, but as the Majah raised the glass to his chiseled lips the heated fervor of his description of the Big Horn had melted the ice mounting and then the diamond chandelier had slid down the shirt front and into the crème de menthe unnoticed. chandelier had slid down the shirt front and into the creme de menthe unnoticed. Little remains to be told. The pitiless dawn is breaking across Madison Square as a little band of sombreroed scouts winds stealthily in and around the walks trying to find the way out of the square and the trail that leads to the subway and Brooklyn. And what is the ravishing harmony that rises to the reddening skies with the mellifluence of the Stinking Water hurrying rapidly out of the Big Horn Basin? It is the Majah caroling with the birds:

We've fit against the Choctaw And held the dogs at bay. To scalp the Sloux and skin 'em, too. For us Mass merely play. But even we our tents must strike And to the rear skedaddle, hike, When up against the Indians
Of-old-Broadwa-a-ay.

On the battlefield lay one motionless victim. It was Lecoo, the house detective, eight magnums shot from under him and his body riddled with a souse. But his gallant conduct had not gone unrewarded by his superior officers, for in his feverish hands he clasped tightly two box seat coupons for next Saturday night in Brooklyn. Which only goes to prove that honesty is the best policy.

POLICEMAN HESS'S MOTHER HELD

Missing Lizzie Grady Two Weeks After Leaving Home Was in the Son's Hands.

Mrs. Eliza Hess of 300 First avenue was arraigned in the Harlem police court yesterday on the charge of aiding and abetting the abduction of fourteen-year-old Eliza-beth Grady and was held for examination before Magistrate Harris on Monday. Her bail was fixed at \$1,000.

The story told by Mrs. Hess in court did not differ materially from that given out by the police at the time of her arrest, though the police insist that she knows more of the whereabouts of her missing son and the girl than she will tell. Mrs. Hess adhered to the statement that her son had simply told her that the girl was a vayward child he had found in the street.

My son was in full uniform when he prought the girl to my house on May 2," she said, "and he told me that she was not happy at home and that he wanted me to take her in for a while. She was not well dressed and he gave me \$7 with which to get her clothes. I went out and bought her two long skirts and a new brown hat and that night she slept with me. The next day Theodore came and took her away. Then he was dressed in plain clothes, but I thought nothing of the matter. Since then I have not seen or heard of either of

then I have not seen or heard of either of them.

"Where he took the girl I do not know. As for not seeing him, that is nothing, because often I did not see him for a week or more at a time. I did not know that the girl had disappeared from her home because I do not read the papers and there was no other way for me to know."

Mrs. Hess is a slight woman. She looks older than the forty-nine years she admits and her once fair hair is almost white. She said she had friends who could go her bail if she called upon them. She gave a reporter one of her business cards, which read: "Mrs. Theodore Hess, No. 300 First avenue, experienced nurse, formerly of

avenue, experienced nurse, formerly of 107 East Tenth street." The girl's father, Andrew Grady, who is a caretaker at 189th street and Fort Washington avenue, was in court and almost broke down. He said that he feared that the girl had met with foul play and that

she would never return.

"After the police have investigated I think that they will find a motive for her disappearance other than mere abduction."

asappearance other than mere abduction, said Grady.

The police say that they are still in the dark as to the whereabouts of Hess, who was a mounted policeman attached to the 152d street police station. They believe that eventually they will find him and that they will also find the missing girl.

Elizabeth Grady has been missing now Elizabeth Grady has been missing now

SNOW UP THE STATE.

Over Five Inches in Onondaga County -Adirondack Foothills Covered.

SYRACUSE, May 11.-The snowfall in Syracuse for the last twenty-four hours has been five inches. At 8 o'clock this morning snow lay three inches deep in Syracuse, and in several towns of Onondaga county it lay five and a half inches deep. BINGHAMTON, May 11.-Broome county

awoke this morning to find itself covered with half an inch of snow and the official the mometer only one degree above the freezing mark. Opening games of the city baseball league have been postponed on account of the weather. WHITEHALL, May 11.—The temperature

was below the freezing point last night and the Adirondack foothills and the Green Mountains were covered with an inch of enow this morning.

FARCE FOR ALL BUT ACTOR

CROOK WHO STEALS HIS BAG FORGES HIS NAME,

Thereupon on a Message From Toledo the Actor Is Arrested in New York as the Crook, Sleeps in a Cell and Goes Breakfestless to Court, New York Style

Willard Hutchison, an actor, is hoping his case isn't going to be a repetition of that of Donald Heath, actor, who was arrested so many times in various cities that arrest was the first thing he expected upon arrival in a new town-all because he looked like some one else. Hutchison, who was brought to the Jefferson Market court yesterday, after a night in Police Headquarters, sputteringly angry, says that he was arrested not only because he

was "tall and young and had light hair," like some one else out in Toledo, Ohio, but chiefly because that some one else had run off wit's his value, containing a lease for his new tlat, up at 203 West 103d street, and among other things his card bearing his name with the words "Management of Daniel Frohman."

"It's pretty hard luck for a fellow to be arrested and jailed because a crook swipes his suit case," said the actor in court, and Magistrate Wahle thought it was hard luck enough to parole him until Monday in the custody of his counsel, of the firm of Stickney, Maclay & McBurney of 31 Nassau street, to await the arrival of a detective from Toledo to see if he is the man wanted.

from Toledo to see if he is the man wanted.

It was all an outrageous mistake, said Hutchison, and here's how. Hutchison is a man of 29 and is married. He was in Toledo last week at the Wayne Hotel and left on Thursday minus his bag. The thief, armed with Hutchison's cards, passed a bogus check in the Jefferson Hotel and left the bag at that hotel. Chief Perry Knapp of the Toledo police force saw an easy capture of the bogus check man when he discovered Mr. Hutchison's flat lease in the case and sent a message to the New York detective bureau red hot.

The actor couldn't see any pleasantry in Capt. McCafferty's bal masque when he was waltzed into the grand ballroom at Headquarters yesterday morning, along with the strong arm men, second story climbers and cracksmen.

with the strong arm men, second story climbers and cracksmen.

"And, Judge, it's nearly 12 o'clock now, and I haven't-had a bit of breakfast yet. I am hungry," spoke up Hutchison in the court. "This affair is an outrage. I can show you I am not the man they want and prove my respectable standing in the community. My lawyers here can wouch for me."

for me." My lawyers here can forme."
Mr. Hutchison showed receipts for \$100 for rent for houses he owns in the city. His counsel said he is a man of means, of unquestionable standing.

"I'll give you a chance to get some breakfast. Mr. Hutchison," said Magistrate Wahle as he paroled him.

THE OCTOPUS SHOWS UP WELL. Submarine Boat Makes an Average of

Nearly 10 Knots on 10 Mile Run. NEWPORT, R. I., May 11.-The submarine Octopus had another test of endurance to-day. It consisted of a ten mile run while partially trimmed or in diving condition, and an average speed of 9.89 knots was attained on the entire run, which was made with the gasolene engine as a motive power. On this run the engines, according to the figures of the naval trial board, made forty-two revolutions more a minute than the standardization figures called for. In trimming for the run the Octopus occupied a little over a minute.

a little over a minute.

Aside from the Government test the Aside from the Government test the Octopus had two extra tests at the request of the builders. These included six runs over the course, three under one engine, while the other was being used to charge the storage batteries, and the other three while the boat was being propelled by only one propeller. On both of these tests the boat made nearly eight knots.

NATHAN GUILFORD DEAD. Was a Vice-President of New York Central

Until His Health Falled. Nathan Guilford, lately a vice-president of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, died vesterday at his home, 102 Park avenue. Yonkers, of bronchitis which had troubled him for some time and caused his resignation a few months ago.

his resignation a few months ago.

Mr. Guilford was born in Cincinnati on February 7, 1841. His father, Nathan Guilford, was a prominent citizen of Ohio, who devoted his life to the founding of public schools in the West. The son entered the railway business as a freight clerk in the service of the Little Miami Railroad in 1859, and was answed continually in in 1859, and was engaged continually in railroad work up to the day of his resigna-tion from the vice-presidency of the New York Central.

York Central.

In 1885 Mr. Guilford married Mary Jane Wallace. daughter of George Wallace of Pittsburg, who survives him. He also leaves two daughters, Mrs. R. A. Stewart of Brookline and Miss Gertrude Guilford, and one son, Wallace Guilford, who is in the service of the Western Transit Company of Yorkers. pany of Yonkers.

Obituary Notes.

Edward Kemys, well known as an animal scwiptor and a veteran of the civil war, died at his home in Washington yesterday in his sixty-fifth year. He was born in Savannah, Ga., but enlisted early in the war in the Sixty-fifth New York Infantry, serving until the close of hostilities, and was mustered out with the rank of Captain of Artillery. While a member of the engineering party that laid out Central Park he discovered his taste for animal sculpture and took a course of study in Paris. His first exhibit at the Paria Salon was a bronze group, "Bison and Wolves," in 1878. Shortly afterward he returned to New York, spent much time of the Western plains and for the last five years had resided in Washington. One of his best known works, "The Still Hunt," is in Central Park, and "Panther and Cube" is in the Metropolitan Museum, this city. A collection of fifty of his bronze works is in the National Museum sculptor and a veteran of the civil war, died

and "Panther and Cube" is in the Metropolitan Museum, this city. A collection of fifty of his bronze works is in the National Museum at Washington.

Dr. John W. Brennan, one of the oldest physicians in the State Medical Society, died on Friday of cancer at his home, 139 Went Fiftieth street, in his seventy-eighth year. Dr. Brennan was a miner in California in '48. He came East later and entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons, from which he was graduated in 1862, to become an interne of St. Luke's Hospital. When Gen. H. Berdan, then Colonel, was looking for a surgeon for his regiment of sharpshooters, Dr. Brennan was recommended by Dr. Muhlenberg of St. Luke's. He was wounded at Gettysburg and retired to private practice.

Edward B. Tompkins, president of the

Luke's. He was wounded at Gettysburg and retired to private practice.

Edward B. Tompkins, president of the A. C. Fisher Company, interior marble workers, died yesterday at his home, 51 West Seventy-sixth street, after three weeks illness of erysipelas. He was 57 years old, and was born in Hagley, England. He came here when a youth and immediately entered the employ of Fisher & Bird, marble workers. He was chosen president when the firm was incorporated ten years ago, He married Ellen Marrett of Brooklyn, who, with three daughters and a son, survives him. He was vice-president of the People's Surety Company and the Mechanics and Traders' Bank. Senator Thomas H. Thorpe died at New Orleans on Friday night, aged 56. He was a great grandson of the famous Patrick Henry. He lived in Philadelphia for some years but went to Louislana in 1880 and to New Orleans in 1890. He was private secretary to the Mayor, attorney to the city board of health, reporter of the State Supreme Court and twice State Senator. He was author of the joint resolution instructing the Louislana Senators to vote for the Panama Canal, which resolution helped materially to win success for the canal in the United States Senate.

Clement W. Howard, vice-president of the National Bank of Washington and promi-

in the United States Senate.

Clement W. Howard, vice-president of the National Bank of Washington and prominent in financial and Masonic circles of that city, died there yesterday at the age of 62 years. He was born in Washington, had been secretary of the Firemen's Insurance Company for thirty-five years and was treasurer of the United States Realty Company and director in other corporations.

and director in other corporations.

Abram Cooke, who made a fortune in the milk business in Brooklyn and then engaged in banking operations, finally becoming vice-president of the Williamsburgh Savings Bank, died on Friday at his home, 250 Hancock street, in his seventieth year. He leaves a widow, two sons and two daughters.

Mrs. Susan J. Lord, widow of Manton E. Lord, died yesterday at her home, 157 Park avenue, Orange, N. J. She was 69 years old and had lived in Orange more than thirty years. She leaves two sons and a daughter.

Sale of White Goods and Linens FOR MONDAY AND TUESDAY ONLY.

Every Item a Big Money Saver. 40-INCH ENGLISH LONGCLOTH, an importer's entire stock, a splendid quality, suitable for fine underwear. Value 19c. . 121/2C 30-INCH DOTTED PERSIAN LAWN, large, medium and small dots, 121/2C for ladies' waists, children's dresses. Value 25c IMPORTED WHITE WAISTINGS, large assortment of very pretty designs and highly mercerized. Values up to 39c., sale price 40-INCH LINGERIE BATISTE, fine sheer quality, suitable for ladies' waists, confirmation or graduating dresses. Value 35c.... 36-INCH WHITE LINEN SUITINGS, guaranteed pure linen, very serviceable for mountain or seashore wear. Value 59c.... Sale of Art Embroideries.

cottage sets, consisting of Scarf, Pin Cushion, Laundry Collar and Cuff Bags, Table Covers and Pillow Skips, all colors, plain centres, finished with fancy edge of roses; each piece.... 50c IMPORTED TAPESTRY SLIPS, beautiful designs and figures. 59c

SILK HANDKERCHIEF BAGS-made of fancy Japanese silk, ribbon elegant assortment of colors. Value 29c.....

WEST 125TH ST., 7TH @ 8TH AVES.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN. Very many of the boys who sell newspapers afternoons in Park row and about the elevated and subway entrances are unable to read the editions they handle. unable to read the editions they handle. Now, it makes a lot of difference in their sales what the "cry" is, that is what announcement they should make of some particular event to attract buyers. Saturday afternoon when the crowd was hurrying along Park row toward the bridge one lad with a bunch of papers under his arm stopped another boy similarly equipped.

equipped.

"De cry to-day, Pete, is——" and then he lowered his voice.

"All right," said Pete, and he bounded away in the direction of Nassau street shouting, "Wuxtra! Wuxtra! Great shipwreck on de Erie."

In an uptown barber shop there is a clock ingeniously fashioned for the convenience of patrons who sitting in the barber's chair must note the time reflected in the mirror. The clock runs backward and the figures on the face are reversed. A glance in the mirror tells the time instantly.

Harlem dwellers who on their way home take the Ninth avenue elevated at Barclay street have found lately, at the up station, something new that has interested them greatly, this novelty being a new and wider station platform. As everybody familiar with this station knows, the old platform was so narrow that there was scarcely more than room for two persons to pass on the platform's extension along the track, while in the narrow entrance by the ticket office two stout persons would have to squeeze to get by each other. But now they have shifted the up track, where it runs past this station, a few feet further out over the middle of the street, giving more space along it front of the station, and in this broader space they have now built a new and wider platform, a platform with room enough on it for convenience and comfort. And the people accustomed to take the road here open their eyes with surprise and actually smile over it; and as they stroll along the platform waiting for a train perfect strangers speak to one another, saying: "She's a wonder, hey?" or "It's a great improvement." In fact the building of this new platform here is something of as common an interest to all the regulars as, for instance, in some small village, the painting of Neighbor Jones's barn. out over the middle of the street, giving

The large furniture houses have men to go around and fix up any scratch or damage a customer may find in goods he has bought. His presence in a house, with hi snug little kit of tools and polishes. usually emphasizes the wabbly legs of an old chair, the scar in the table top which reddie's shoe made months ago and a score of other things with which the repair man has no concern. readily enough, though sometimes pressed for time, and he always carries away a good sized tip. Some days the money thus earned "on the side" exceeds the repairer's

One of the dishes recently brought to New York to appeal to the palates of its captious diners comes from Russia. It is made from the spine of the sturgeon and made from the spine of the strigeon and is intended to be cooked in pâté and served as an entrée or kors d'oeuvre. The long strings in which it comes are cut into small pieces and then cooked. Caviare has already become acclimatized in New York and it is possible that other parts of the sturgeon may become as popular. sturgeon may become as popular.

"I've become acquainted with several Christian Scientists since I came to New York," said a business man the other day, and from the first I've noticed how different their small talk is from that of the other people I meet. They never find fault with the weather, never criticise their friends or for that matter speak evil of any one. They never discuss sickness or symptoms and whenever a conversation drifts into an unhealthful channel they invariably try to get it back to some wh some, interesting topic. Germs, bad water, poor ventilation and the like are all crossed off their list of small talk subjects. A draught is simply a "current of God's fresh air" and not a thing to be dreaded and discussed, as is usually the case.

SUES DOCTOR FOR ALIENATION. Robert A. Brown Wants \$25,000 Damages

From Dr Wallace W. Colby. The suit of Robert A. Brown against Dr. Wallace W. Colby of 717 Halsey street, Brooklyn, to recover \$25,000 damages for the alienation of the affections of Mrs. Brown has been placed on the calendar for trial at the June term of the Supreme Court in Brooklyn. The papers in the case were filed in the County Clerk's office in Brooklyn

his complaint Mr. Brown says he In his complaint Mr. Brown says he was married to Florence Anderson on December 3, 1899, and that they lived happily until March, 1804, when on account of his health he was ordered by his physician to go to Colorado. He remained there about a year. In his absence, Mr. Brown alleges, Dr. Colby won the affections of Mrs. Brown and turned her against her husband. He avers that he did not know of the change until his return from Colorado in August. until his return from Colorado in August, 1905. Then his wife refused to live with him and spurned all his efforts to get her to return to his home.

Would Buy Famous Alamb Building. AUSTIN, Tex., May 11 .- Z. R. Tubbs of Nome, Alaska, who has made a big fortune in mines there, made a proposition to-day to Gov. Campbell to buy the historic Alamo Building from the State. His purpose is to present it to the Daughters of the Republic of Texas. He offers \$100,000 for the

Upset Himself to Save a Child. On his way back to Brooklyn after the police parade yesterday Sergt. Thomas McDonaid upset his wheel in Delancey street to avoid hitting a nine-year-old girl who ran in front of it. The machine landed on top of him and cut him up badly about the legs and body. He was taken to Gouverneur Hospital. The girl was unbart. EXPOSURE KILLED MARVIN BOY. Physician Says Death Came From Six to

Twelve Hours After Child's Last Meal. DOVER, Del., May 11 .- A good deal of the nystery in the Marvin case was dispelled at the outset of the Coroner's inquest here to-day by the report of Dr. Albert Robin of Wilmington. Dr. Robin is the State bacteriologist who made a chemical analysis of the contents of the stomach and intestines of little Horace N. Marvin, Jr., whose body was found on the marsh of his father's farm near Kitts Hammock last Saturday, two months after he disappeared from his home.

It said that microscopic and chemical examination of the dead child's stomach revealed the presence of particles of a partially digested meal. Dr. Robin also declared it to be his belief that death had occurred from six to twelve hours after the last meal had been eaten, and that the boy had been dead from six to eight weeks

boy had been dead from six to eight weeks before the body was found.

When Dr. Horace N. Marvin, the boy's father, and the women of his household went upon the witness stand later and testified as to what the breakfast which the child ate two hours beforg he disappeared consisted of, the deduction was pretty plain that it was the last meal he had before death occurred. Dr. Robin said in his report that in the

absence of evidence to the contrary he be-lieved that the boy met an accidental death from exposure after straying from his home

lieved that the boy met an accidental death from exposure after straying from his home to the marsh.

Juror Robert O. P. Wilson reported an unusual discovery to the Coroner made by him yesterday when in company with several others he visited the place where the boy's body had been found. Desiring to obtain a sample of the water in order to ascertain if it were fresh or salt, this being considered important in connection with the matter of the condition of the boy's body, he looked for a whiskey bottle which he remembered having seen in the pond Sunday last.

He got the bottle and on opening it there was found inside a paper on which was written these names: James Sylvester, John Burns, John Smith, Robert Passwaters, and also the date, March 10, 1907. Juror Wilson turned the bottle and its contents over to Attorney-General Richards this morning and the Attorney-General will investigate. The inquest was not finished. Dr. Marvin was asked on the stand today if he had not received a letter two weeks before the boy's body was found demanding immediate ransom or he would be killed. He replied that he had received such a letter, but had paid little attention to such "stuff."

WOMAN SUES R. W. PATTERSON. f She Means Me, Says the Chicago Editor.

It is a Cheap Attempt at Blackmail Supreme Court Justice O'Gorman signed an order yesterday for the service by mail and publication on Robert W. Patterson whose residence is given as the Union Club Chicago, of the summons in an action begun against him in the Supreme Court here by Rea Phillips to recover \$100,000 damages for alleged assault.

Miss Phillips says that on July 24, 1906. Patterson assaulted her, tearing her clothing, bruising her flesh and rendering her so ill that she required medical attendance afterward. Her physical and mental in juries were such, she says, that she thinks nothing less than \$100,000 would compensate

Miss Phillips's counsel, John F. McIntyre submitted her affidavit to Justice O'Gorman, and with it one by himself in which he declares that Patterson is not a resident of this State, but of Illinois, and that the only address known to McIntyre at which a communication is sure to reach the defendant is the Union Club, Chicago.

Mr. McIntyre declined to discuss the case yesterday or to indicate the address of his client.

client.

CHICAGO, May 11.—"If I am the person intended as the defendant in this suit, all I can say is that it is a cheap, ridiculous and absurd bit of blackmail," said Robert W. Patterson, editor in chief of the Tribuns in his apartments at the Auditorium Annex to-night, when the New York despatches

to-night, when the New York despatches were shown to him.

"Until I saw the newspaper telegrams I assure you I had no intimation of any such proceedings, and even now I do not know that I am the person against whom the suit is directed. I understand that the papers are not to be served on me in person, as in most court proceedings, but that it is a case of service by publication.

"But if I am the Robert W. Patterson named in the suit, I think I can guess who the woman is, and it is a case of blackmail, nothing more. I was not in New York in June. July or August of last year. On July 24, 1905, the date mentioned in the suit, I was in Carlsbad, Bohemia."

A WITNESS'S RIGHT. Cannot Ask Him as to His Bellef in God

With a View to Affect His Credibility. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., May 11 .- A long lrawn out litigation has just been decided by the Court of Appeals, which has established an important precedent. The case was that of Leander Brink against W. D. Stratton, Edward A. Brown and Horace Corey. The action was brought to recover \$740 on a note made in 1893 by Stratton, Brown and Corey. The defence claimed that the note had been paid. The action was brought in the Supreme Court, transferred to the County Court and a verdict given Mr. Brink, which was affirmed by the Appellate Division. This judgment was reversed by the Court of Appeals. The jury disagreed on second trial.

disagreed on second trial.

The third trial resulted in a verdict for the defendants, which was affirmed by the Appellate Division and has now been affirmed by the Court of Appeals. The costs in the action are far in excess of the sum sued for and the plaintiff will have to settle.

The reversal of the judgment in favor of the plaintiff by the Court of Appeals is of considerable interest, as it settles the law in this State that a witness cannot be asked as to his bellef in a supreme being, who would punish him for swearing falsely, for the purpose of affecting his credibility. This question was decided by a divided court, five judges being in favor and two opposed.

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NO MORE RECRUITING PEONS License Commissioner Says Employment Agencies Are Reformed.

John N. Bogart, Commissioner of

Licenses, declarés in his annual report, which was submitted to the Mayor yester day, that the employment agency system which had in the past sent men from this city to peonage in the Southern States and girls to disorderly houses has been almost entirely wiped out. In the last year Mr. Bogart has revoked the license of every employment agency against which could obtain evidence showing that men had been sent by these agencies to practical slavery in the South, and he has also put out of business twenty employment agents who were found to have made it a practice to supply female servants to disorderly houses.

The report also states that \$5,000 was The report also states that \$5,000 was refunded by employment agents during the year to applicants for places to whom fees in excess of the legal commission had been charged and that the provision of the act compelling the agencies to investigate the references of all domestic servants sent to work in private families was being strictly enforced. The report states that there are 124 licensed theatrical agencies in the city and that all are reputably conducted. Mr. Bogart commenting on the old and present condition of the theatrical agency business said:

Theatrical agents without regulation or supervision were, of course, responsible to no one for the manner in which they conducted their business, and they did not scruple to take advantage of the scope which irre-sponsibility gave them. Their clients were daily swindled out of fees. Young women applying for positions on the stage were subjected to insults as well as to petty robbery. The ordinary channels of the law offered them no redress. The worst class of theatrical agencies were those known "handbook" men. They did not even have offices, but went from place to place booking vaudeville actors for theatrical performances, collecting their wages and deducting therefrom, in the guise of commissions, just as much as they could safely steal. Sometimes they would collect the entire money for a performance which they themselves would arrange, and fail to pay the actors any-

thing, pocketing the entire proceeds.

Men engaged in business of this nature could not exist under any system of thorough regulation supported by law, and one of the most beneficial effects of licensing, as it is applied to theatrical agencies, is the climination of the "handbook" men. No class in the community is more gratified with this result than the reputable theatrical agents them-selves. The fact that a theatrical agent is licensed by this office is itself proof that his dealing with his clients is fair and that he does not seek larger commissions than those

allowed by the law. In the office of every heatrical agent the sections of the law relating to fees are posted, so that the clients be made aware of their own rights, receipts are given for all fees collected and

In perhaps no business can there be found

s contrast more marked than that which is

presented by conditions as they now exist in the theatrical agency business and as they were before this law was in operation HERE TO FIND FATHER DEAD.

Capt. Kreeh's Son Learned the News at Sea -Will Return With the Body. Wilhelm Krech, son of the late com-

mander of the Hamburg-American liner Graf Waldersee, was a passenger by the Hamburg steamship Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, in last evening from Hamburg. Southampton and Cherbourg. When Capt. Krech and the young man parted at Hamburg the father was in good health, and the boy (he is only about twenty) was much broken up when he learned by wireless from the Graf Waldersee on Tuesday that the captain had cied the day before. The Graf Waldersee had been trying for many hours to pick up the Kaiserin and finally got in touch with her when she was about three hundred miles to the westward of the Kaiserin. The young man came here to study American business method-He will abandon his project and go back with the body of his father.

Other passengers by the Kaiserin were:
Mr. and Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, Mrs. De Lancey Nicoli, Mr. and Mrs. B. Dawson Celeman, Baron Contad von der Goltz, German Minister to Colombia, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gray, Mr. and Mfs. W. M. Leeds, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sears, Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Beardslee, Mr. and Mrs. Lugene Pendleton and Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Treadwell.

Arrivals by the American liner St. Louis. boy (he is only about twenty) was much

Arrivals by the American liner St. Louis. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harding Davis, who have been in the Congo looking into the treatment of the natives: Flossie Hope, Grace Kimball and Maud Morrison, formerly of the Edna May company, who left London just after Miss May's marriage to Mr. Lewisschn: Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Farnham, Jr.: George C. Hanford, Capt. F. M. Pavsow, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Milne, Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt Morgan, Capt. and Mrs. B. Tambiyn and J. W. Wentworth.

Passengers by the Cunarder Compani-from Liverpool and Queenstown: Sir Herbert Marshall, Charles L. Stebbins, William Ramsay, Col. L. R. S. Weatherley, Eberhard Faber, W. T. Hargraves and Norman Kennedy.

Ministers Praise Coler.

The Brooklyn and Long Island Preachers Association has come out with a hearty commendation of President of the Borough Bird S. Coler for his rigid and successful enforcement of the building laws, by which there has been a large reduction of the Raines law hotels.

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